If *Biondello* thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put vs in readineſſe,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friendes (as time) in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what companie is this?
Tra. Maſter ſome ſhew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptiſta with and his two daughters, Katerina Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortentio ſiſter to Bianca. Lucen Tranio, ſtand by.

Bap. Gentlemen importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolu'd you know:
That is not to beſtow my yongeſt daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,
Becauſe I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue ſhall you haue to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there *Hortenſio*, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you ſir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnleſſe you were of Gentler milder mould.
Kate. I faith ſir, you ſhall neuer neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtoole,
And paint your face, and vſe you like a foole.
Hor. From all ſuch diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſht maſter, heres ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtarke mad or wonderfull froward.
Lucen. But in the others ſilence do I ſee,
Maids milde behauiour and ſobrietie.
Peace *Tranio*.
Tra. Well ſaid Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoone make good

What I haue ſaid *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not diſpleaſe thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the leſſe my girle.
Kate A pretty peate, it is beſt put finger in the eye, and ſhe knew why.
Bian. Sifter content you in my diſcontents.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My bookes and inſtruments ſhall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practiſe by my ſelfe.
Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maiſt heare *Minerua* ſpeak.
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.
Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptiſta*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am reſolud:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In Muſicke, Inſtrumen s, and Poetry,
Schoolemaſters will I keepe within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. I'you *Hortenſio*,
Or ſignior *Gremio* you know any ſuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kind and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And ſo farewell: *Katherina* you may ſtay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*
Kate. Why and I truſt I may go too, may I not?
What ſhall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit*
Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your gifts are ſo good heere's none will holde you: There loue is not ſo great *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nailes together, and faſt it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both ſides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my ſweete *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fitt man to teach her that wherein ſhee delights, I will wiſh him to her father.